

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
QUAKER

In his true and proper COLOURS,
OR,

The Clownish Hypocrite
Anatomized.

The First Part.

Sic oculos, sic Ille manus, sic ora movebat.

Licenced and Entred according to Order.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be sold by the Book-
sellers of London, or elsewhere. 1672.

By



To the Reader.

A Quaker with's dark Lanthorne light
Is here exposed to your sight,
Stript of's nice Vizard and fair Paint,
Wherein he's wont to Ape a Saint.

So false Fires may delude our Eyes,
And seem like stars to guild the skies;
Till Reason proves they owe their birth
To th' stinking vapours of the Earth.
This Hypocrite we here essay
In's proper colours to display.
Whose Yea and Nay in mischief goes
Beyond the Hectors damning oaths,
But if you think we represent
Not full enough each lineament,
Next sitting may that want supply
Provided still you this do buy.

R. H.

1840

Received of the
Honble the Secretary of the
Treasury
the sum of
Five hundred and
thirty dollars
for the
purchase of
land
in the
County of
Jefferson
State of
Mississippi
this
first day of
January
A.D. 1840

R. H.

A. C.

I

THE
C H A R A C T E R
O F A
Q U A K E R.



Quaker is a *Hogs-head* of *Phana-
ticisme* drawn off to the *Lees*; a
Common-Shore of *Heretic* into
which most extravagant *O-
pinions* at last *disembagune* themselves and
center, the *sag-end* of *Reformation* mar-
ked with a *sullen meagre look*, and this Cha-
racteristick *Tbon*; A *Fox* in a *Lambskin*
Coat, that retains his *subtlety* though not
his *colour*, a *dough-baked* piece of *formali-
ty* that *decies* *Superstition*, yet *idolizes*
Garbs and *Phrases*. You may know him
by his *diminutive hand*, that looks like the
Forlorne-hope of his *Shirt* crawling out at

his Collar; for his *purity* consists only in his *dress*, and his Religion is, *Not to speak like his Neighbours*. His Original is as obscure as the head of *Nile*; some refer it to *Behmen* the canting Philosopher of *Germany*. Others run his Pedigree higher, and say he was *batcht* when the degraded *Seraphin* first took on him to counterfeit an *Angel of Light*. He is a meer composition of *Contradiction* and *Clownishness* ana, with a few odd *Scruples* of *Hypocrisie* to give it a *Tincture*. Should the Parliament make a Law for *Eating*, he would starve rather than be guilty of obeying it; and if you would have him do a thing, you need onely forbid it on pain of death; He thinks that to be religious one is obliged to be uncivil, and flings his Wits overboard to make room for *Inspirations*. His *Dreams* he intitles *Visions*, and each *Capricio* of his fanfie must pass for a divine *Revelation*, to which he blasphem-

blasphemously puts a *probatum est*, The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The first Article of his Creed is to keep his Hat on, which he observes so religiously, as if he thought *vailing Bonnet* to be the sin against the Holy Ghost; Titles of Honour he takes for infallible marks of the Beast, and believes the Master of the Ceremonies to be Antichrist; He would have done rarely in the old *Chaos* before Nature had ranked things in their places, being a profest Enemy to all Order, that thinks there's no *pure walking* unless it be with the heels upwards; He hath a *Pique* against *Paul* for saying most noble *Festus*, and hates the memory of *Sarah* because she called her Husband *Lord*. His discourses are nothing but a *Rhapsody* of oft repeated *Non-sense*; and when he hath darkened your understanding with a Cloud of insignificant *Babble*, he cries, *Ab! friends mind the Light!* He usually begins with

with *Raving* like *Mahomet* in his *Falling-fit*, or the *Devil* of *Delphose's Priests*, that never delivered their *Lying Oracles*, but with *extravagant gestures* and *odd distortions* of body. *Swear not at all*, is his *Motto*, but *Lies* he holds in many cases *venial*, and in *two meritorious*, when they make for the *Interest* of the *beloved Seed*, or reflect *Scandal* on the *Government*. - He cheats worse then a *Long-lane Broker*, by pretending to deal *at a word*, and the *Hooke* whereby he draws in his *Customers*, is a *far-fetcht sigh*, and plainly *I tell thee Friend*.

This troublesome *Insect* (for all his *demure looks*) is deservedly suspected to be part of the *Vermine* dropt from the *Beast*, a *Puppet* of *Religion*, contrived to amuse the *Rabble*, that receives its motion from his *Holinesses* invisible hand behind the *Curtain*; for though the *Jesuite* and he seem *Antipodes*, at long

run (like *East* and *West*) they prove the same, *Equivocations* being as common with them both as *Curses* to a *Gamester*. Ask our *trembling Saint* if he believe the *Resurrection of the dead*, he shall answer *yea*, but tell you another time, he meant only an *arising from sin*; by *Heaven* and *Hell* he intends no more but several *Scenes* transacted *within us*, and abuses *holy Scripture* into a *mystical Romance*: Each of them avers *perfection* attainable in this *Life*; but herein they differ, the *Papist* acknowledgeth but *one Pope* in the *World*, the *Quaker* sets up a *Pope* in every *Individual Breast*, to whom all *Scripture* and *Reason* must *truckle*; so that refusing the *Polestar* of *Gods Word* and the *Churches Compass*, he will needs *steer* by the *wandring motion* of a *treacherous Ignis fatuum* within, subject to be *blown any way*, and often *extinguishd* by the *Hurricanes of Passion*.

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He makes *Self* the Centre where-
 unto the Lines of all his Actions tend,
 and like a Hedge-hog wrapt up in his
 own warm down, turns out *Bristles* to
 all the World besides; you can come
 on no side of him but he *pricks* and *bites*,
 and all his Coasts are *craggy* and *inhospita-*
ble. He that deals with him has need
 of more Eyes then *Poets bestow* on *Ar-*
gus, for he out-vies a *Genoe's* for subtle-
 ty, and a *Few* may come to be an *Ap-*
prentice with him; he loves the *Ex-*
change though he hate the *Church*, and
 admires no preaching so much as
Foxes.

For all his peaceable *sheepish* coun-
 tenance, he delights in *Contention*, and
 when he is *Thou-ing* a *Court* of Justice,
 thinks himself in his proper Element.
 He bawls (like an *Oysterwife*) at other
 folks *pride*, and evidences his own *hu-*
mility onely in defying the *Pedlars Pack*,
Lace,

Lace, Ribbons, and Bandstrings, whilest he sawcily contemns his superiors, and prefers the crotchets of his own giddy Brain before the Decrees of a general council. He hates no whore so much as her of Babylon, and ever and anon gratifies the Old man with a kind Green-apron'd Friend, whom he picks up at a Conventicle by a lecherous touch of the hand, under pretence of a purer salutation, and finding by her rampant pulse, and tempting turning up the Whites, (which she pretends to do in devotion) that her desires are at flood, they retire together for mutual Edification. He is often drunk, but not like his Neighbours temporally, for sleep cannot cure him, but the fumes of his spiritual pride having intoxicated his head, makes his very Soul reel, and put his Body into a fit of shivering; ye will he not privately

in the company of Friends refuse the refreshing *Boule*, provided it be not known in *Gath*, nor published amongst the wicked of *Askalon*, for he confesseth the use of the creature (especially when it comes on free-cost) to be exceeding lawful. He is very curious to be in all things contrary to the common *Mode*, that he may be taken notice of, for a singular man, and having screw'd his face into a Religious Frame, and tun'd his voice to a puling sanctimonious key, he uses it as a *Low-bell* to catch *Larks*, or rather such *Owls* as will be bubbled out of their money merely on the Repute of his conscientious dealing; he abominates our *Churches*, and sayes very well, that *God must be worshipped every where in spirit*, yet will rather be knock'd o'th' head then forsake *Devonshire-house*; here it is that he glories in tribulations, and makes the
Streets

Streets ring with persecutions and sufferings, when all the business is, he is only shut out of doors, and kept by the Officers from breaking a Law that would punish him; Then he ascends the Coblers-stall, flings abroad the Light, and the Truth, bears his testimony openly; and at last retiring home, with a good Candle concludes the work of the day. To this sanctified assembling place they flock in droves, as to an Ark, but sure tis none of Noah's, since here the Beasts come not in by pairs, for the shees are far the more numerous party, and in spite of Paul's injunction, will often be holding forth to the men.

In brief, a Quaker is a Cynick in Religion, one that would have *Ill-nature* translated *Grace*; as if the *Holy Spirit* (that pure sweet gentle Dove) did inspire men with *sullen humours* and *waspyish* dispo-

disposition : he hates both *Magistracie*
 and *Ministrie*, and never speaks well
 of *Authority* or *Obedience*, but when he
 is going to lash his *Maid* or his *Ap-*
prentices; for though himself have shak-
 en off all *subjection* to Superiours, yet to
 his *Domesticks* he is worse then an *Egy-*
ptian Taskmaster, and speaks to his *ser-*
vants in a tone as imperious as the
Grand Seignior to his *Mutes*; he can-
 not endure *Ceremonies* or *Complements*,
 especially where his *Belly* is concer-
 ned, and therefore falls to all meat
 (as *Gallants* do to a *VVench* or *Oysters*)
 without saying *Grace*; he is very diligent
 in his *Generation-worke*, and may there-
 fore have many *children* but no *heirs*;
 for his *issue* comes into the *World*
out-law'd, and can no more boast to
 be born in lawful *WWedlock*, then the
Kinchin.cove of a *Gypse* got under a hedge
 by

by a strawling Tinker ; he bannes the Banes, and in this respect onely refuses License, consummating his Marriage before it is solemnized, for so soon as the Spirit begins to yield to the rebellion of the flesh, and his Bowels yearn to be multiplying, he and his willing Doxy never wait the Parsons leisure, but take each others word and so to Bed. Yet of late (to shew how far they dare affront the Laws established) they have got a more solemne Knack of Footing ; A Westminster Wedding must be kept at Merchant-Taylors Hall, and a Trumpet sounded to publish the Nuptials between Diotrephes and Gomer the daughter of Diblain, where Jews and Gentiles are jointly invited to a Feast, and Seven and Twenty Venison Pasties saw their stately Walls in a moment levelled. A Freak so wild and extra-

extravagant, that some of the invited *Hebrews* began to suspect their *Rabbins* mistaken in their *Cabalistick Learning*; and that *Antichrist* is as like to be hatcht between such a mad Couple, as to be begot by an *Incubus* on a Harlot of the *Tribe of Dan*.

The Devil that furnishes others with his *Tares* but by *Retail*, deals with the Quaker by *Whole-sale*, so many *Heresies* club to his Generation, that 'tis impossible to say which he resembles most. Sure Satan had a fanſie to present the World with an *Oglio*, and therefore here hath rendezvouzed all his Hell-bred *Errours* in *Epitomie*, and set down a Catalogue of them in *Short-hand*.

By his obstinate zeal to keep his
Noddle

Noddle covered, you may guess him a *Mahumetan*, that resents nothing so dishonourable as a *bare head*; and indeed he hath no more *Christianity* in him than a *Turk*; His *Good-Friday Looks* speak him a *superstitious Anchorite*; his *subtlety* and *equivocations* would become a *Jesuite*; he names his children with as little Ceremony as other Folkes doe their *Whelps*; and so far keeps pace with the *Anabaptists*, but of a sudden he out-strips them, and falls in with the *Seekers* to deny all *Ordinances*. From *Socinus* he steals Arguments against the blessed *Trinity*, and learns to disown all Government, from *John of Leyden*. At first he was much against the *Carnall Weapon*, but now begins to be reconciled to *Fighting*, and if you anger him will rather venture a *Rubbers* at

Fifty-Cuffs, then turn the other *cheek* to the Smiter.

'Tis a prudent *maxime* in the Art Military, never to think *too contemptibly* of an Enemy. Our Grandfathers saw that *Scotch-mist Presbytery* rising no bigger then a mans hand, and yet how dismally did it in few years overspread our whole *Horizon*.

Consider but this *Quaking Gang* in its true dimensions, and the *Arts* they have to promote their Designs, and they will appear more formidable then most of the other *Factions*.

For, First, They are a People generally *subtle*, *frugal*, *industrious*, and *wary* in their dealing; by which and
their

their large pretensions to a punctual Honesty, they have ingrossed a grand part of the Nations Trade.

Secondly, Whereas other Perswasions are divided into distinct Congregations, and so have several particular TEACHERS, who frequently broaching different whimsys, mince them into Subdivisions, whilest some dare not hear *such an one*, and others scruple to communicate with *such a one*, though all of a PARTY.

The QUAKERS on the contrary, though no two of them scarce agree in all things, doe yet generally throughout *England* keep themselves up in *one entire Body*, glewed together with a strict Unity, as to *Affection*,

and *Correspondence*, as is evident by their *Weekly Collections* in every County continually sent up to *London*, where their common *stock* cannot but in so many years as they have maintained it, be very vast. To which add the exact *Accompt* and *Registry* they every where keep of all their *Births* and *Burials* (which are likewise duely transmitted up) so that in an instant they are able to give a near estimate of their *number* and *strength* in all the three Nations. These and some other *Importants* being duely weighed, render this *shivering Sect* not so inconsiderable as the common *Rabble* deluded with their specious *pretences* are apt to think them. 'Tis a good Caution of a Minor Poet,

As white Powder discharges without noise,
So may Saint-seeming Hypocrites destroy.

Trust

Trust not too far, the soft hand sometimes
smites,
And Larks are Birds of prey as well as Kites.

To conclude, a Quaker is a Canting thing, that Cozens the world by the purity of his Cloaths, a few Close-stool faces and whining expressions, his Life is only a real Lye, his Doctrine contrary to all sober Religion, and withal so troublesome that I am grown quite weary of drawing his Character, and cannot but wish him and all his Tribe fairly Embarqu'd for terra incognita, or the late found Isle of Pines, under the conduct of Penn their high Admiral.

F I N I S.

To conclude, Quaker is a name
that denotes the people of this
of this name, and is a name
ing expression, his life is only a name
his life is only a name
and is a name
grown up to be a name
and is a name
his life is only a name
or the late found of it was under the
conduct of a family which

PLUS ULTRA
OR THE
SECOND PART
Of the Character of a
QUAKER

WITH

Reflections on a Pittiful Sheet, Pretended to be an Answer to the Former.

——— *DA Iustum Sanctumque videri
Noctem Peccatis & Fraudibus objice nubem;*
If that my Deeds of Darkness may
Be wrapt in Clouds as black as they?
If being ugly I may paint
Oh! then I am a true new Saint;

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be sold by the Book-
sellers of *London*, or else where. 1672.



(1)

PLUS ULTRA

O R

The Second part of the Character of a
QUAKER.

A QUAKER is an *Everlasting Argument*; For like *Afrique* he is daily
Teeming with some *new Monster*:
He that can describe him *fully* may boast
he hath *squared the Circle*. To term him
Gomorrhah-Apple, *Painted Tomb*, or *varnish'd*
Rottenness doth not reach him; He is ra-
ther an *Apothecaries guilt Box*, inscribed
with the glorious Title of some *Elixar*,
but filled with *Arsenicke* or worser *Venom*;
A dull lump wherein *Lucifer* hath plaid
Prometheus's part; For of him the *Apostle*
is a *Prophet*, *His tongue is set on fire of Hell*;
The *Materia Prima* of this *Religious Cro-*
codile is a certain *Natural Melancholly* or
A 2 *sullen*

sullen discontent; And his *animating forme*, *Pride and singularity blended*: His looks and habit cry; *Pray observe me*, and his whole deportment is *starched and affected*, you may take his *Face*, for a new fashioned *Sun-Dial* where the *forced wrinkles* represent *Hower-Lines*, and his *Tunable Nose* the *Gnomon*: He is oft-times as *lean* as *Famine*, yet not out of *abstinence* but *Envy*, and his *paleness* is rather the *Paint* of his *Hypocrisie*, than any effect of *Mortification*: He is commonly in his *Youth* a profest Practitioner in all kind of *Luxury*: And as soon as *shame* or the smarting products of his *debaucheries* awaken him, to think of *amendment*; the Devil hurries him into the *contrary extream*, teaching him to scruple the most *innocent things*, that he may with the better *Gloss* perpetrate those that are *abominable*. Hence-forwards he shuts the Devil out at the *Gate*, and lets him in at the back door, becomes

becomes at once *Bigot* and *Impious*, and weaves with the *thred* of his life a *mixed stuf*fe of *Superstition* and *Atheisme*. To ask, *what it is a Clock* he counts the Language of *Ashdod*, and you were as good speak *Arabiak* as say *Here's to you Sir*, his Religion is nothing but *Phrases*, being a superstitious observer of new *Minted Modes* of speaking, whereby he commits an *aburdity*, yet tells a *Truth* when he calls the most wicked and flagitious friends, when he lyes with his *Neighbour's wife*, 'tis not out of *Lust*, but only to raise up a *faithful seed*. And if he wants *Money*, he need only say to one of his Gang, *The Lord hath sent me to borrow of thee forty Shillings*: He sometimes studies the *Law* that he may *violate* it with the fairer pretences: And reads the *Bible* only to furnish himself with *Scripture-names* to call those he intends to quarrel with, *Reprobate Child of Perdition*, *Son of Belial* &c. If he have
any

any smattering in learning; Fiddlers, Perriwigmakers or Tirewomen love him, not worse than his quondam Schoolmaster; who indeed with reason calls him *ungrateful*: Since he Scornes to own whence he suckt that little stock of *Pedantry*. For he impudently braggs Heaven sent it him, to rights for a token; He therefore damns *Humane learning* in general, and cryes it *puffeth up*; yet devoutly admires those *humble ones* of his own cast; who lately to ostentate the Prodigiosity of their Parts, obliged the World with a *Battle-Door* in two and twenty languages on no more serious occasion than to teach us to *Tbou* people *learnedly*: He reverenceth the Memory of Fox and Nailor, but mentions Peter and Paul as familiarly as if they were his fellows, he cannot allow them the Title of *Saints*, yet boasts himself enthroned in a state of *perfection*: If he ever *fasts* 'tis on some Festival.

Festival, and Resents no *Idolatri* so Heinous as not opening Shop on *Christmas* day; He defyes its *superstitious Plumbroth*, and will rather *surfeit* on *Mince Pyes* any other time then touch one then; when he has a mind to be *cross*, he cries he is not *free*, and with a *solemne verily* puts off: unsuspected the *veriest Lyes* imaginable: There is certainly some want of *Symmetry* in his Head which makes him hate all *Harmony*: Yet at their *Conventicles* you may fancy a kind of *Musick*: For the Men and Women *sighing* and *groaning in consort* make an odd noise like the *great and small Pipes* of an *Organ*; he cannot performe a *Religious Exercise* without a fit of *Railing* as well as *Quaking*: He is most *Sagacious* at *Damning Folks*, and delights in *curfing* as much as good men do in *bleffing*, his very *Preaching* is a *Satyre*, and the most *zealous* of his talk a *malicious Invective* against
all

all that are not as mad as himself. Yet still you must believe him *meek and lowly*; For when he hath outdone *Bil-linsgate* for Scurrility and opprobrious Termes, he tells you it is only *his earnest contending for the truth*; His *Doctrine* is a *Gospel* of about *thirty Years* standing, and he is a *Christian* without *Baptisme* or *Ordinance*, *Creed* or *Catechisme* in *Ger-many* he is called a *Paracelsian*, and some *wantons* of the *Family of love* first dropt the Brat in our Streets; Indeed he is a *Religious Proteus* so slipperie no Definition can hold him, for by keeping the main body of his *Opinions* in *Hugger Mugger*, and displaying or concealing them, as he spies advantages he reserves alwayes a *Hole* for *retreat*: So that if you insist on any *Blasphemous Tenet*, or *extravagant Prank*, he stops your Mouth with *Alas!* *Friends never owned it*; Thus whereas the *Ancient Apostles* did
preach

preach up *Faith, Hope, Love, Righteousness, Peace and Joy* in the Holy Ghost: These new Seers ramble about to establish certain little *Fopperies*, as if the Salvation of the World depended on the preaching down *Points, Cuffs, Tyth pigs and Pulpit-Hower-Glasses*: He is a kind of *Spiritual Gipsy* that describes *Grace and Piety* by the Lines of the *Physiognomy*, and confines *Christianity* to such a *Complexion or Habit*, being confident, that cannot be a *Wedding Garment* that hath any *trimming*: Thus *Ambition* makes him affect a *ridiculous Humility*. And he is proud By *Antiperistasis*.—

---So Beggars boast their rags, and may deride
The Pomp of Kings, but with a greater Pride
Meekness consists not in the cloaths but Heart.
Nature may be vain glorious, well as Art:
We may as lowly, before GOD appear
Drest with an Orient Pearl, as with a tear

In his high presence, where the Stars and Sun
 Do but Eclipse, there's no Ambition:
 Glory can never render GOD the less,
 Neither can Beauty defile holiness:
 What's more magnificent than Heav'n, yet where
 Is there more love and Piety than there?

But stay—— We must proceed with Caution though a Quaker defyes the Battoon and temporal Sword, he is a parlous Gamester at the Goose-quill: Tis no small attempt to encounter a Party whose impious Penn hath presumed to Duel the Sacred Trinity; Behold! the old muddy Stile is laid by, and an Answer comes reaking with Fumes of Babylonish Rhetorick: *The Libeller Characterized; Monstrum Horrendum!* would it not prove a Second payson to Overbury, and startle Cleavelands Ghost to see Yea and Nay, write Characters? It seems our Pettifogging Friend T. R. stands alwayes prest to rail in the behalf of his Faction,
 and

and ready for a Fee to Stigmatize all that would expose them: A most fit *Advocate* for such a *Cause*, who cannot conceal himself if he would, for at First view his *Ears* shoot out of his Skin, and present him perfect *Assè*, his Pamphlet is fronted with a *Bull-rampant*, and he posts himself for a *Libeller* in the *Title-page*, whilst he calls it, the *Libeller* (*characterized by his own hand*. Trust me, I cannot but pity the *Fools Disease*, he hath got a *Flux* of Gall, or a certain *Splenetick Looseness*, which turns his *Excrements* the wrong way and his *Mouth Stools*: Do but observe I pray! How the *Gall'd Fade* winces, I find there is no giving him a *Drench* for the *Staggers* without *Barnacles*, you may know by the *Beasts* tearing and foaming, our *Arrows* stick in his *Sides*, our former *Draught* hath toucht him to the *quick*, and now like a *Woman* grown old and ugly, he

B 2.

throws.

throws Stones at the *Glass* that shews him his own *Deformity*, he would make us believe; that 'tis *Christian* to cheat ones *Neighbour*, provided it be done in *Scripture Language*, and confess his own *Sobriety* is but an *Appearance*, whilst he Cloaks with a *Modest Dress* Impieties that a *vertuous Pagan* would blush at: He makes *Conscience* the *Stalking-Nag* over which he hopes securely to give *Fire* at any *Game*, and being a worthless *terrac-filius* himself, envies others those *civil honours* due to their *Quality* and *merits*. His talk of the *Resurrection* and *Souls immortality* is to be construed according to some *mental Reservation*, or else he speaks contrary to his *Principles*, and his good word for the *Innocent Protestants* is only a *Copy of his countenance*.

When he mentions *Christ* he does it *Allegorically*, and with an *Equivocation*, and to *Preach the Light* (in his sense) must needs

needs be insignificant Babble, since he affirms all men have *Light sufficient* already within them: He counts his *impudent Huffing* Court of Judicature to be only a demand of *civil Liberty*, and sawcily calls *Acts of Parliament* the decrees and *Sic-Volo's* of a *private Cabal*, he wipes his Mouth to create an Opinion of his *chastity*, yet (like a *Young Wench* when she hears a *wanton Jest*) lets us know by his *Simpering* that he understands *Tokens of Lechery*, But what need he keep *Concubines* at Home, when every *Conventicle* serves for a *Seraglio*: He counts all them *Haters of Gods worship* that condemn his *Disobedient Eroliques* at *Devonshire House*, and having made it his *business* to divide and distract, wonders any should turn *Incendiaries*, he prefers a corner conveniently, or the base *Multiplicamini* of a *Midnight meeting* before the Churches grave manner of Solemnizing *Marriage*, and thinks the

the *Priests Fee* may be better bestow'd on a provocative *Poſſet* for carrying on the work of *Generation*: The patience, meekness and self-denial of the *Quaking Spirit* is sufficiently apparent in this *Hair-brain'd Scribler*, whose work is indeed a true Character of his Party, whilst mad with rage he Belches out, he cares not what, against he knows not whom; But we shall take no further notice of this *Puifne Libeller* then to laugh at his folly, and will leave our shivering *Hypocrite* to his End; which (if he scape turning open *Ranter*) is without repentance to go to Hell in a *Saints Livery*, and Steal his own Damnation.

F I N I S.

A Postscript to the Reader.

AS Gamesters that once luckily have thrown
Proceed and fondly think Fortune their own,
Till the perfidious Dice their hopes betray
And force them to go **M**oneyless away:
So the Author having swept the Stakes of late
Is tempted once again to set to's Fate,
The First Part did your kind Acceptance meet
'Tis hop'd you so too will this Second greet;
But if you prove more sullen now than then,
May you ne'er be in good humour agen,
But turn Quakers, and so at Bedlam have
An Asses Burial, an unpitied Grave.